

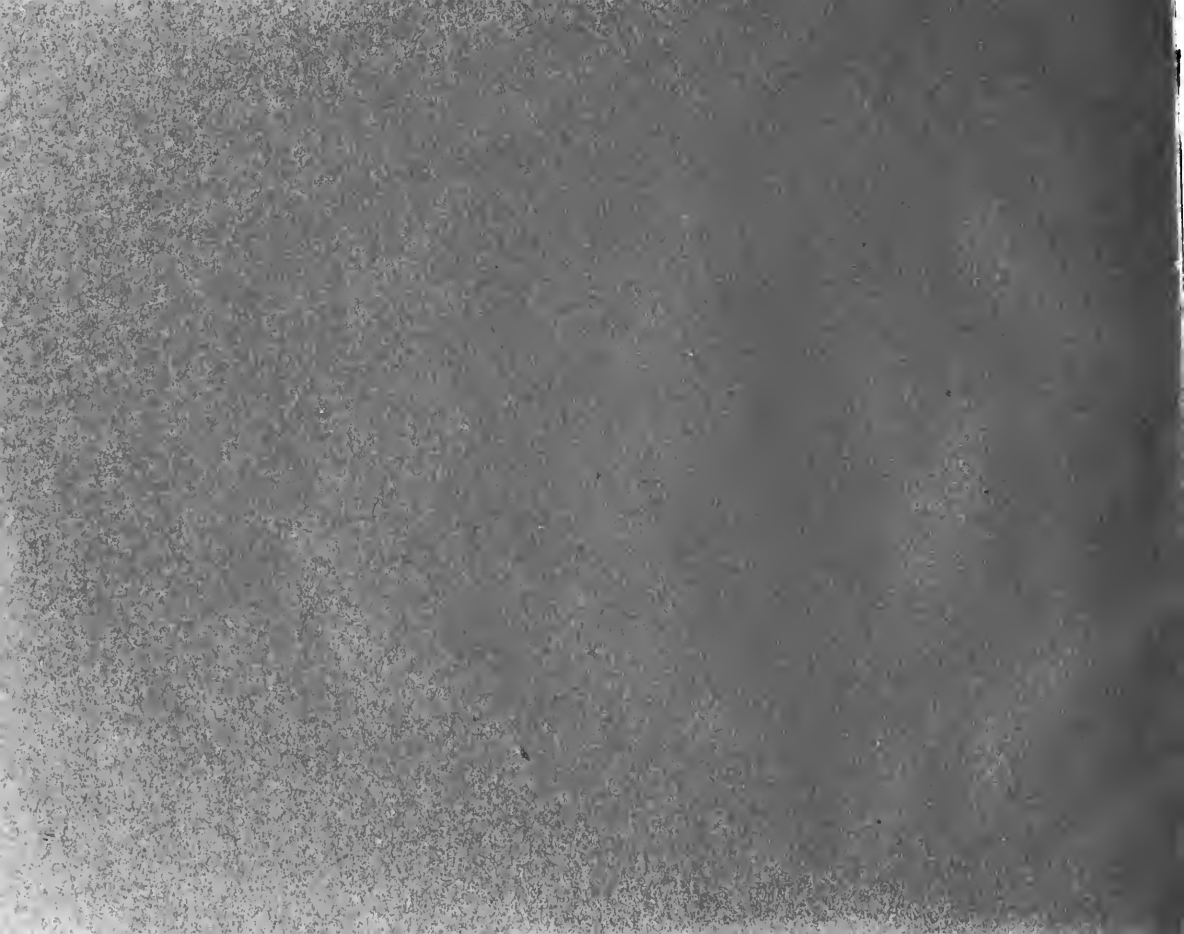
THE GALAX

For -

Brook Museum

Tea
put

Wm
H. H. H.





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With Love we dedicate this
volume to

Miss Lizzie D. Parker
for four long years a
faithful and devoted friend to all the
Davenport Girls



1. Moonlight over Hibriten.



2. Kentwood in Winter.



3. Creek near the College.

A Few Prefatory Words



THIS Annual is published for the many friends of Davenport. With no "ostentation of erudite vacuity," it records the minor happenings of our college days—such incidents as would prove that, in spite of the careworn looks of the Seniors, our college life does not consist in homesick sighs and monthly examinations.

We appreciate the kindness, the generous assistance of our friends, and earnestly hope that this little volume will fill with Davenport sunshine not only their own hearts, but also the hearts of their friends.

And as the college steadily becomes larger, better, and more widely known, we trust that within the next few years a larger and better Annual shall be sent to us—a sign of our first-loved Alma Mater's prosperity and greatness.



THE COLLEGE IN WINTER

Faculty



CHARLES C. WEAVER, Ph.D. *President*

MISS LIZZIE PARKER *Lady Principal*

CHARLES C. WEAVER
(A.B., Trinity College; Ph.D., Johns Hopkins University).
Philosophy and History.

H. B. NOLLEY
(A.B., Randolph-Macon College).
Mathematics and Science.

ANDERSON WEAVER
(A.B., Emory College).
English and German.

MISS LIZZIE PARKER
(Greensboro Female College; University of North Carolina).
Latin.

MISS LAURA M. JONES
(A.B., Centenary Female College).
Mathematics.

MRS. H. B. NOLLEY
(Petersburg High School; formerly Instructor in Danville
College for Young Ladies).
Preparatory Department.

MISS LAURA NORWOOD
(Cooper Institute; Academy of Design, New York City;
and a year in the Famous Galleries of Europe).
Art.

MME. S. C. GIDDINGS-HEBRON
(Mme. Julia Rive King's School, New York City).
Piano.

MISS KATE ISABEL ROBINSON
(Brockman School of Music, Greensboro; Dudley
School of Music, Troy, N. Y.).
Voice.

MISS BETTIE LEE AULT
(A.B., B.M., Centenary Female College).
Piano, Mandolin, and Guitar.

MISS KATHERINE PRICE
(A.B., Sullins' College).
Elocution.

MISS GRACE CROCKER.
Violin.

The Galax



OSE, pansy, hyacinth, jonquill—

Let them thrive in seasons tranquil;

Long as a kind Father smiles on flowers,

The little lily shall claim praises;

And ever will the violet be ours,

While yet we pay homage to the daisies;

There still remains a leaflet of much fame—

The galax has been given for its name.

Ere a floweret peeps into light,

And e'en during winter's frosty blight,

This molded leaflet does appear

To claim its just, deserved place,

In the leafy dale to us so dear,

Amidst the members of the flowery race;

And here it is we pause and ponder,

While of the little leaflet we grow ever fonder

Good will to flowers of every clime,

Good will to the poets of merry rhyme;

But thee we seek with eager eyes,

And to thee we address our lines;

For much thy lovely form we prize,

And thy varied hues do at times

Cause us to wonder at the Maker's power

In creating this jewel, not a flower.

ZOE PORTER.

Board of Editors



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ALPHA GOODE *Assistant Editor*



EDITORS

Newell.

Shell.

Goode.

Allison.

Terrell.

Weaver.

Happenings of the Year 1905-1906



1. Reception given in honor of new girls by Y. W. C. A.
2. Completion of new building.
3. Reception given to new girls by Dr. Weaver.
4. Mock marriage.
5. Relay race—W. S. vs. Graded School.
6. Mr. Willis' lecture on "Physiognomy."
7. Trustees' reception.
8. Coz's birthday party.
9. Miss Kinney's visit to Y. W. C. A.
10. Missionary talks by Rev. Z. Hinohara.
11. A stroll to the woods to hunt hickory nuts.
12. Departure of the delegates to Nashville.
13. The "measly" epidemic.
14. Spelling bee—Davenport vs. Weaver School.
15. Billy's visit.
16. Catawba College Quartet.
17. Light Bearers' entertainment.
18. The friends of Misses Chme and Brunt entertain in their honor.
19. Celebration of the March birthdays.
20. "Trig" examination.
21. Faculty recital.
22. Students' recital.
23. Juniors' reception to Seniors.
24. Preliminary contest.
25. Trip to Mortimer—picnic.
26. Talk by Rev. J. M. Blaine on missions.
27. Reception to Freshman and Sophomore Classes.




College Song

LET us join a glad refrain,
Let us make the welkin ring,
While old "Davenport" we praise.
Let the days be foul or clear,
We have nothing now to fear,
For life's roses bloom in happy college days.

Banded to-day in love we are;
Sadly at last we'll part.
Love, with a kind and holy hand,
Locks memories in each heart.



In the coming days of life,
If earth's sorrows dim the light,
Let us all these memories keep.
May no tears of vain regret
Hide fair visions from our sight,
While the notes of joy through every heart shall sweep.

Banded at last in love we'll die,
Though we be far apart.
Love, with a kind and holy hand,
Locks memories in my heart.



Senior Class Song

(Air: "Sweet and Low.")



WITH a smile, with a song,
Girls of this happy class,
Come, come, come along—
Girls of this happy class!
Let us forget all care and wrong,
And lift our flag the hosts among,
As cheerfully we pass,
While we joyously, while we happily sing.

Come and go, come and go,
Bringing a smiling face:
Work, sing, kindness show;
Work with a cheerful face;
Whispers of kindness sweet and low
Give to the struggling, weak, and slow,
Who halt in life's long race,
While we joyously, while we happily sing.

CLASS ORGANIZATIONS

Senior Class



COLORS:
Lavender and Gold.

FLOWER:
White Carnation.

YELL:
(Waiting until after Trigonometry examination.)

MOTTO:
"Fronti Nulla Fides."

FAVORITE GAME:
Flinch.



OFFICERS

CLYDE THOMAS	<i>President</i>
HELEN SHELL	<i>Secretary</i>
ETHEL TERRELL	<i>Poet</i>
MARGARET NEWELL	<i>Prophet</i>
EDNA HOLSCLOW	<i>Historian</i>

MEMBERS

HENRIETTA CORNELIA MONTGOMERY.
ANNIE PRYOR NOLLEY.
ESTELLA NAOMI OWENBY.
ESTHER LLEWELLYN BROWN.
DORA ELIZARETH TUTTLE.
HELEN COINER ALLISON.

MARGARET KATHERINE NEWELL.
HELEN REID SHELL.
CLYDE THOMAS.
MARY ETHEL TERRELL.
EDNA LEE HOLSCLOW.
LUCY THELMA RANKIN.



"But as for me, my feet were almost gone; my steps had well-nigh slipped." (Ps. 73: 2.)



"Love not sleep, lest thou come to poverty; open thine eyes, and thou shalt be satisfied with bread." (Prov. 20: 13.)



"Mark me, and be astonished, lay your hand upon your mouth" (Job 21: 5.)



"The thoughts of the diligent tend only to plenteousness; but of every one that is hasty only to want." (Prov. 21: 5.)



"And Esther obtained favor in the sight of all them that looked upon her." (Esth. 2: 15.)



"Lo, mine eye hath seen all this, mine ear hath heard and understood it." (Job. 13: 1.)



"Hold your peace, let me alone, that I may speak, and let come on me what will." (Job 13: 13.)



"For all the day long have I been plagued, and chastened every morning." (Ps. 73: 14.)





"I am a stranger in the earth." (Ps. 119: 19.)



"To be discreet, chaste, keepers at home, good, obedient." (Tit. 2: 5.)



Senior Class Poem

I.

OUR college days are passing by;
Life's duties bid us stay
No longer in these sacred walls,
But onward go our way.

II.

Yet with our hearts aglow with hope,
We bid these friends adieu,
Go forth to battle for the right,
With faith and courage true.

III.

The difficulties we have met,
The victories we have gained,
Teach us that, while we've striven hard,
We've striven not in vain.

IV.

For when we've solved the problems which
Our heart and brain perplexed,
Each time we've conquered we have found
We're stronger for the next.

V.

The lasting ties of friendship made
While here in school we've been
Will brighten all our future life
And cheer the heart within.

VI.

My classmates, one and all so dear,
Each in her own sweet way
Will add a charm to this old world
That naught can take away.

VII.

While some perchance may teachers be
And dwell in distant parts,
In mem'ry we shall often meet
Within each other's hearts.

VIII.

And now as we shall very soon
Bid Davenport good-by,
We trust her honor long may live,
Her blessings multiply. ETHEL TERRELL.

Some Statistics

NAME	Favorite Expression	Why She Came to College	What She Talks About	Opinion of Boys	Chief Occupation	Characteristic
HELEN ALLISON.	"Why, Coz!"	'Cause sister did.	Next summer.	They're not all angels.	Fixing her hair.	Lovableness.
CLYDE THOMAS.	"Where's Stacy?"	To get a letter from G—	"Hun."	Can't find out.	Singing alto.	Attractiveness.
ESTHER BROWN.	"Awfully hashful."	To change cars in Hickory.	Telegrams.	They won't do to trust.	Going to dress-maker's.	Prissiness.
MARGARET NEWELL.	"Do you believe that?"	To get "Moore" knowledge.	Bachelors.	No good until past forty-five.	Holding her eye-glasses on.	Originality.
ANNIE NOLLEY.	"And-duh."	To entertain the Freshmen.	"Anht" Willie.	Too hashful.	Memorizing.	Blithesomeness.
STELLA OWENBY.	"Why, of course."	To bring the styles.	"Everette."	They're all right.	Selling stamps.	Agreeableness.
EDNA HOLSCLOW.	"Why, girls, I'm surprised at you!"	To get "a" orange.	Him	Only one for me.	Studying.	Dignity.
DORA TUTTLE.	"Margaret said so."	To go home on short visits.	Her ponies.	Hasn't any.	Explaining "Trig."	Quietness.
HENRIETTA MONTGOMERY.	Has none.	Nobody knows	Nothing	Very nice to have around.	?	Reservedness.
HELEN SHELL.	"No, I won't."	'Cause she didn't have to leave home.	Off-hand English talks.	All flirts.	Walking	Argumentativeness.
ETHEL TERRELL.	"I'm going home!"	To get a class pin.	Her nephews.	There's at least one who is all right.	Writing poetry.	Gracefulness.

History of Senior Class



AS IT would not do for me to trust my own memory in calling up the wonderful events which constitute the history of the Class of 1906, I decided to give the experience of each girl as I found it recorded in a notebook left open on my desk for that purpose.

The first one was our President. At home her name is Clyde Thomas, but here it is "Coz." This is what she wrote: "When I first came to Davenport, my one great ambition was to become an English teacher. I cast my lot with the Sophomores, among whom there were only five or six of our present class, and went to work thinking 'original thoughts' and writing descriptions of 'my ideal sweetheart.' I was working hard and advancing rapidly until one day when our English teacher gave the Sophomore papers to the Juniors and asked them to correct them. I won't burden you with an account of that gloomy time. I shall simply say that since then I have turned my attention to Latin—and 'Hun.' I am galloping along at full speed and leaving all the others—except 'Hun.'—out of sight. I could call up many interesting things that have happened here, but I must leave space on this page for 'Hun.'"

Of course "Hun." (her company name is Helen Allison) came next. There could be no room for any one else to come between. Her story runneth thus: "I haven't room to write much; but if you know the last two years of Clyde's experience here, you know mine. I came to Davenport last year and entered the Junior Class, determined to get as much out of it as I could. I got 'Coz.,' and I am very well satisfied. I don't think I could manage any more very easily."

Next came Annie Nolley, the youngest of the class. She says: "There are a great many things that have happened since I entered Davenport as a Sophomore that I might record; but I think the most important is my learning during the first two years that 'there is always room at the front,' especially in the study hall. I owe Miss Parker many thanks for teaching me. I even advanced so far to the front one day as to take her place."

On the next page there was some writing that looked very interesting—I mean it would have been interesting to one who is fond

of studying curiosities. I knew at once that it was Margaret Newell's. But I had to excuse the bad writing, because she had just recently bought a pair of nose glasses, and, of course, she couldn't help it. But if I couldn't read the writing, I could at least read between the lines. I saw there that Margaret had never regretted that she came to Davenport three years ago, even if she had never had a greater pleasure than that gained from springing all kinds of questions on the teachers, on all classes, and at the most unexpected places. Her chief delight in her Senior work seemed to have been to debate psychological and ethical questions with the class, and even with Dr. Weaver. She failed to say how she always came out.

The writer who followed Margaret was Esther Brown. Of course we always listen willingly to those who have had wide experience—at least who have had time for it. Here is what she says: "Do not think I am vain when I tell you that when I came to Davenport in 1904, everybody thought I was one of the faculty. I hesitated about telling them all better, because I really enjoyed it; but at last I had to give it up and take upon me the appearance—as much as I could—of a simple schoolgirl. After I once became used to it, it was all very easy; and this year I have had to associate with Ethel almost constantly in order to keep before my mind the fact that I belonged to an important part of Davenport—the Senior Class—else I might have given the impression to those not well acquainted with me that I was a Freshman."

Of course Ethel followed Esther. This is what she said: "You may judge how I started out with my work in my Sophomore year from the fact that the first day I came to school Miss Parker thought I was a visitor. I kept pulling, however; and by the time I was a Senior, I had enough energy to pull against the whole class and at last have my way. How I rejoiced when the class decided to get pins instead of rings! I don't know of anything else that I remember with more pleasure."

When I came to the next, I was not greatly surprised to see that, instead of Helen Shell's clear, steady handwriting, the letters were all twisted and turned in every direction. I knew she had not fully recovered from the terrible shock she had received upon the announcement that the class would get pins. She and Ethel had gone through a long struggle. No wonder her writing was not plain. Here, however, is what I managed to make out of it: "If you want to know when I started to school at Davenport, you will have to search the old registers for not *more* than ten years back. I don't believe I could call up the date for you without a great deal of trouble. I have been studying here longer than most of the other members of the class, but I can assure you that I have never spent a more pleasant year than this last one. Why, when I think of all those formulas in Trigonometry and all that Horace and scanning in Virgil, I think—well, I wonder if there will ever be another one like it."

I can just see Stella Owenby coming in, as if she intended to go all the way in one day, and bouncing up to the desk. There,

after she puts down two or three ledgers and some other articles, she goes to work in her usual businesslike manner, and this is the result: "I came to Davenport in 1903, and entered a class then known as the jealous enemy of the Juniors and the greatly-to-be-fared superior (in its own estimation) of the Freshmen, but now recognized as the friend of all classes, conditions, and sizes of girls who will render homage to it. We certainly thought when we were Juniors that we should deserve all the Senior honors or privileges that might be bestowed upon us, especially after that reception we gave the graduating class last year. Although there was no noticeable increase in our pompadours, yet we thought we had done something truly wonderful for so young a class. But that has all faded away into insignificance since we have found this year how much greater things we can do—how many examinations we can stand and what good essays we can write on psychological subjects." Do you see how loyal Stella is to the class? She counts its history hers, and does not give an account of her individual experience. But you may know that she has taken an active part, especially in examinations.

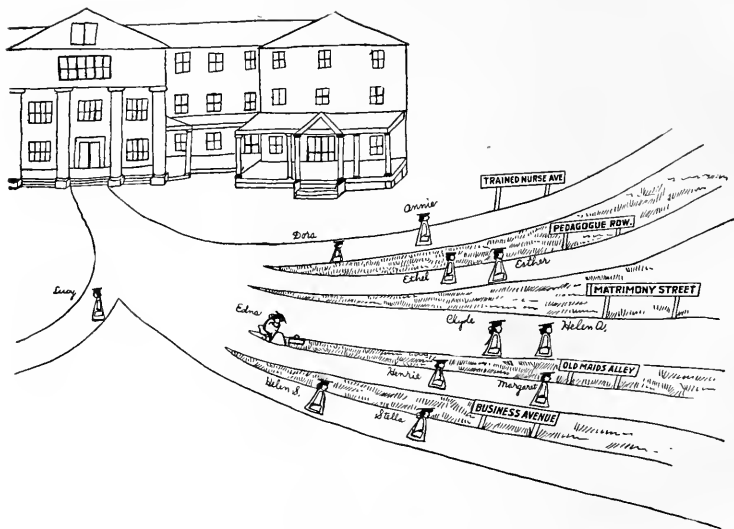
The next one was Dora Tuttle, who goes home every Saturday—whether to see mamma and papa or to get fresh inspiration for the new week, we do not know. She says: "I have followed this class from Freshman to Senior, and I must say that the most delightful and pleasing events have been the class socials, which have always happened on Saturday night. The others have given such glowing accounts of them that I feel that I have not missed much—I mean that I have received the benefit from them through the rest of the class."

Dora was followed by Henrietta Montgomery, the demure and dignified. She had to come from her home in town, and was a little late. Being naturally silent, and also out of breath from walking up the hill so hurriedly, she did not write much. She says: "During all the time I have spent in school at Davenport I have found only one thing that I like better than studying, and that is sitting in the study hall during all those long periods in which I have no classes. So as I finished two or three of my Senior studies when I was a Junior, I have found this year very pleasant."

Thus ends the history of our class as it now stands, but it must not close without a word in regard to another member of this year's class. On account of illness, Lucy Rankin had to return home and leave her studies. She was a good student, and was doing excellent work.

Whatever may have been our record made here, or however little we may have done, we shall all go away with hearts full of love for Davenport and storing up tender memories of the many happy, busy days spent on this old college hill. It has been here that we have received the inspiration and training that will help us in the years to come.

EDNA LEE HOLSCLAW.



"AFTER GRADUATION, WHAT?"

Prophecy of Senior Class



THE true prophet must know the facts of the past as well as the visions of the future, for by the past the future is known. To the seer the gold of the dawn foretells the purple robe that will enshroud the dying day. In a little while the prophet and those whom the prophecy most concerns drop behind the rim of the horizon, and prophecy becomes history. While the burden is upon us, the lives of our classmates are all enrolled in the present, and it is given unto us to see "the end of our days."

Twelve disciples are to leave Davenport for the wide-open world and its work. The sadness of the past is made of its joys, and other days are full of hope. Cap and gown must now be laid away, to be succeeded by the conventional house dress girded with an apron string; curl papers will now be worn with impunity; the hair will be dressed in the lazy afternoon; the muses will hang their harps upon the willow trees that grow by the streams of forgetfulness. The classics may bawl their frenzied orations to the listeners of the long ago. We bid them all a long "adieu." The fond hopes of great careers are buried beneath blurred daubs of paint down in the sepulcher of the art room. The funeral dirge is heard in the recital to which you have turned the aching ear, and to-night old Anthony holds the cloak of his dead master before the howling mob, with no power to wake the Cæsar that was stabbed by his friends. The wonderful power with which we are clothed for one short hour must give us—pause. "Whatever is to be will be." Nemesis stands with dagger drawn to punish the impiety of those who disbelieve.

Charity begins at home. So Miss Helen Reid Shell is the first to project herself, like some blazing meteor, across the line of prophetic vision. From her reticent nature, we know she will fulfill her days as a trained angel of mercy in the hospital soon to be erected for the "weary sons of rest." May she have more than a passing interest in this new sphere.

Our baby shall be next—little Annie Pryor Nolley, the fairy of our class. "To be or not to be" an elocutionist must be decided in the affirmative. Through the classic shades of old Virginia, Melpomene will lead her on to greatness.

Helen Coiner Allison shall just be plain little "Hun," all the way. Her favorite songs will continue to be "The Campbells are

Coming" and "Clyde is the One for Me." The "far-away Moses" of her snapping black eye will fix its steadfast gaze on a little cottage in the shadow of the dreamy pines, and there she shall sigh her sweet life away in perfect contentment and peace, divided with the "only one."

Esther Brown will not fulfill her purpose in being a prim old maid. Athene is leading her into the kingdom of thought, where she will preside with grace and dignity. Her deeds will blossom about her, and from around her quiet life there will spread a soft and steady light, kindled from on high, which shall make every life it touches lovelier and holier; and at last we shall find inscribed on her tablet in the hall of fame a record of works more marvelous than Pestalozzi ever made.

Dora Elizabeth Tuttle's life must be deciphered from the favorite "spelling book." Down in the sylvan retreats of sequestered Gamewell a lovelorn swain awaits her coming. The spelling book will be exchanged for an ancient grammar, the pages of which will always open at the conjugation of the verb "to love."

Stella Naomi Owenby will finally center her affections on some "Whistling Rufus," and then talk Buncombe for the remainder of her days. The hours of incessant labor over the books that would not keep have left but a shadow of her former self. She must exchange for some less arduous toil; and if she attempts anything heavier than kitchen accounts, her doom is sealed.

Henrietta Montgomery is the sphynx of unsolved riddles, the unraveled mystery of Davenport. She never smiled again. Never again shall unsought opinions emanate from those rosy lips. No, my dear Henrietta, the mocking bird, gay king of songsters, walked through all the night without a single note until the cold, gray dawn, and then burst into wondrous song. We look forward to the day when love's young dream shall flame in smiles upon her now unruffled cheek and Cupid's mightiest melodies will ring through the erstwhile silent chambers of her heart.

In the sweet "Fields" of Granite Falls is enshrined the portrait of our poet, Miss Ethel Terrell. If he were the master critic, old Shakespeare's laurels would quickly fade. We see her going from peak to peak of the heights of song. Carolina is coming to her own. The limpid streams of old Caldwell will be as famous as the River Doon.

Edna Holsclaw, the Clio of our class, will be a maker of history instead of a writer of chronicles. Her guardian angel is leading her away from her cherished ambition to tell "the story of the cross" to regions beyond back to the shores of the beautiful Watauga, and there, "beginning at Jerusalem," she will take up her life work as assistant pastor among her own people. In the midst of this happy employment she will continue to win high honors, and, like a modern Ruth, will glean in the fields of her chosen Boaz, binding many precious sheaves for the Master's granary by the bands of her own sweet personality.

Clyde Thomas, who has presided so gracefully over the class, will continue to thrust her little inquisitive nose into all the mysteries of life. Many hours of happy inquiry await her. Though these inquiries should lead her beyond the mountains of pleasure into the valley of sadness, her song goes on forever. Playing jokes with Time and Fate, the sour old world will take heart and laugh again because she has smiled into his careworn face.

Around each festal board one empty chair awaits the return of some loved one who "has gone away for a little while." A shadow falls across the printed page, a mist upon the hills, and books must be closed until some fairer day. Lucy Rankin, the friend of all, shall gather flowers everywhere, and the light of this world shall grant stronger visions than she yet has known. We would not close this prophecy without promising her many days of happiness, for God shall wipe away all tears from her eyes.

And now my task is done. No prophet has been granted a message for herself. She sees her future through a glass darkly. But in after years it shall be face to face, and I shall know even as I am known. Then over on the eternal hills we shall gather, a reunited class, in the university where the Great Teacher shall lead both class and faculty into all truth.

The stern hand of the present is drawing me back from the great future, but one message rings clear and strong from the profundity of the coming years: "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." And in his name we go, unafraid.

MARGARET KATHERINE NEWELL.



Junior Class



MOTTO:
"Ecce Homo."

FAVORITE GAME:
Authors.

YELL:

Sopho., Sopho.
Pshaw, pshaw, pshaw!
Juniors, Juniors!
Ha, ha, ha!

FLOWER:
Hyacinth.

COLORS:
Light Blue and White.



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EDNA HAYES *Historian*
ZOE PORTER *Poet*
LOUISE GWYN *Secretary and Treasurer*

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MOZELLE TROLLINGER.		IMOGENE TUTTLE.



JUNIOR CLASS

Rutledge	Tuttle.	Trollinger.	Newland.	Ivey.	Kinsey.	Carpenter.
Honeycutt.	Hays.	Arey.	Bryson.	Boggs.	Allison.	Porter.

History of the Galax



“**G**ALAXIUM FORAFARA” is the dictionary name for the galax. It is an evergreen herb, with a matted tuft of red roots, sending up round, scalloped, heart-shaped leaves of brilliant hues.

Galax is found in North Carolina and the Virginias. It grows in dense forests in laurel and rhododendron thickets, and is one of Western North Carolina's characteristic plants. Hence we give the name “Galax” to our college Annual.

It is commonly used for decorative purposes. It is sold under the name of “galax.” In the winter of the second year of the plant it turns to a beautiful bronze color. In the spring it resumes its original green, whether in the woods or picked and packed in boxes. Both the green and bronze is shipped, though packed in separate cases.

There is a great demand for this beautiful perennial plant, and one section in the Western part of our “Old North State” supplies about three-fourths of the world's demand. So you can know by this that it is like the old woman's religion—“everybody can have it that wants it.”

STELLA OWENBY.



History of Junior Class

IT IS universally known that every college is divided into four parts. My object is to give the history of the most famous, the third part, better known as the Junior Class.

Of all the classes at Davenport, we consider ourselves the bravest and best. As for dignity, we have not the least trouble along that line. The Seniors are widely known on account of their dignified air, and by an occasional reflection from them we receive all the dignity that is becoming to a Junior. However, it is hoped by some that as we grow older we will grow wiser. In our own minds we think that when Beowulf is mastered, many talks made on the English Class about "our men," and Shakespeare's plays given *verbatim*, what more can be accomplished?

Of course in the lexicon of the Juniors there is no such word as "fail." Our Senior friends may doubt this statement if they happen to call to mind the morning of April 1. We did succeed in getting their robes; but as Miss Parker thought us a little too young to make our *début*, we decided not to wear them.

Our hearts swell with pride when we realize that in a few more weeks our vicissitudes will be at an end. Then, after a vacation of three months, we shall return to take our places.

After next September, should you be in Lenoir, you will see us in our garb of honor at the head of the line, with the Juniors and others bringing up the rear.

EDNA HAYES.

Sophomore Class

COLORS:
Olive and Gold.



YELL:
Karo, kero, kiro kix!
We're the Sophomores 1906!
Karo, kero, kiro kate!
We're the Seniors 1908!

FLOWER:
Marshmalln Rose.

MOTTO:
" Mu Theta Sigma."

FAVORITE GAME:
Fox and Geese.



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ADDIE DORCAS STEELE.	CARRIE STUART STEELE.
MARY STACY.	LEILA KINSEY.



SOPHOMORE CLASS

Brittian.	Cooper.	Steele.	Cassels.	Stacy.	Cline.	Lynch.	Steele.
Patton.	Pitts.	Weaver.	Saunders.	Johnson.	Fain.	Little.	Murdock.



History of Sophomore Class



GENERAL tendency to exalt one's station is the common fault of all; but when a class of twenty-three fairly bright girls have reached the distinguished eminence of Sophomores (and brought thus far only by difficulties), the attainment is certainly worth special prominence.

Our true value can better be described than defined. Of course we are superior to the restricted Freshmen, and secretly wish that they would never know that we, too, lived through the perplexities of the first year. But in "social problems" we feel free from the brutal coarseness we are believed to possess, and our girlish grace and artistic finish is entirely crushed by the plain, everyday Juniors, who hold sway in the social circle, to the delight of the delicate, unerring possessors of caps and gowns. Their invitations to the frequent functions are written in prominent letters large enough for George III. to read without spectacles; and then for them to frankly declare that they really intended these affairs to be quiet and unpretentious is enough to make even aspiring Sophomores waver in their allegiance to college life, for we are not unsocial by *nature* or by *choice*.

Assurance lies, however, in the fact that although our field is very limited, yet within its limits we reign supreme; and at the approach of the successive year we cast a reluctant glance toward this passing one, which proved our astonishing skill in learning to be patient.

True to our class and colors and with a loving tribute to her memory, we resign the year of endearments and difficulties to those who may follow, and offer *our love* as the keynote of their volume.

ZELDA CLINE.

Freshman Class

COLORS:
White and Gold.



YELL:
Hi, yo, hine!
Hi, yo, hine!
Always on time!
Isn't that fine?
We're the Class of 1909!
Whoo-o-o-o-o-o-o!

FLOWER:
Daisy.

FAVORITE GAME:
Hide and Seek.

MOTTO:
"Diligence in All Things."



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SALLIE MOSS LILLY.
NEAL SMITH LILLY.

KATE REE NASH.
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FLORENCE ADA HARSHAW.

CHARLOTTE FALLS.
ALICE COFFEY.
DOCIA FALLS.

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PINKIE RENDLEMAN.
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FANNIE BURR FAIN.
LUCY COLTRANE.
MAMIE SUDORETH.

NINA EYA TROUTMAN.
BESSIE DRUCILLA MASON.
WINNIE ARMON PRATT.

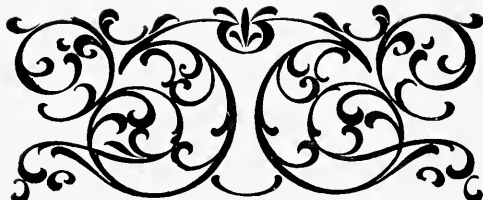
MARGARET ELIZARETH OSBORNE.
REBECCA GRACE TUTTLE.
BESSIE LUCRETIA WIDENHOUSE.

BESSIE BELKA PRATT.
BESSIE LAVINIA CASSELL.
ALPHA FALSOM GOODE.



FRESHMAN CLASS

Falls.	Lilly.	Pratt.	Corpening.	Pratt.	Gaston.	Osborne.	Tate.	Widenhouse.
	Steele.	Starrette.	Carlyle.	Fain.	Troutman.	Little.	Cox.	Mason.
Rendleman.	Coltrane.	Harshaw.	Goode.	Nash.	Webb.			Lilly.



A Lamentation

(With apologies to Freshman in whose notebook we found it.)



I've a papa named Marshall;
I've a brother named Fleet;
I've a sister named Grace;
But—I've nothing to eat.

I've a "pardner" named Flossie—
She's a girl O so sweet;
I've a cousin named Ella;
But—I've nothing to eat.

I've a brother named Norris—
High, nine inches five feet;
I've a sister named Lois;
But—I've nothing to eat.

I've a nickel and a quarter;
Next time I go up street
I'll take them all with me,
And buy—something to eat.

History of Freshman Class

THE reason why everybody smiles when the history of the Freshman Class is mentioned must be that people think we cannot do anything; but we think we proved to them that we could do something when we organized under such difficulties as it is doubtful whether those who have had years of experience could have surmounted, and from under which we brought ourselves forth a strongly organized and well-united band, well armed and equipped for the dangers and perils that we had to face in the fierce encounters with the Sophomores, who sent out their spies and attacking parties to watch our every movement and cut off our intercourse with the faculty and Seniors, who, as our friends and allies, would have given us refuge in their strong fortresses had it not been for the Juniors, who, being next to the Seniors and feeling that they were our "betters," worked secretly with the Sophomores, because, being afraid that in associating with our benefactors we would get more dignity than they had, they were glad to see us kept away; but we have been steadily gaining ground and drawing our lines close up around the enemy, crippling them and paralyzing their forces, until we are almost within reach of our own strongholds, where we shall all soon gather with many songs and shouts of triumph.

LUCY COLTRANE.





Specials



EDITH ALEXANDER.

BYRD MOORE.

EVA BLAIR.

ADA HARSHAW.

MARIE NEWLAND.

OCEY COMANN.

MAUDE HARTLY.

College Organizations

Henry Timrod Society

MOTTO:
"Fiat Lux."

FLOWER:
Daisy.

COLOES:
Yellow and White.

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INA SAUNDERS	<i>Censor</i>
FANNIE FAIN	<i>Marshal</i>
STELLA OWENBY	<i>Chaplain</i>

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ETHEL TERRELL.
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RUTH KINSEY.
ESTHER BROWN.
STELLA OWENBY.
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CARRIE TATE.
WINNIE PRATT.
BESSIE PRATT.
NEAL LILLY.
BESSIE MASON.
OLA WEBB.

MAIE MURDOCK.
LOU BOGGS.
CHARLOTTE FALLS.
DOCIA FALLS.
MAIE WARLICK.
SUMA LITTLE.
GWENDOLINE GASTON.
MARIETTA CURRIER.
PINKIE RENDLEMAN.
ZOE PORTER.
KATIE YORK.
ANNIE LOWREY.
LEILA KINSEY.

MAMIE SUE JOHNSON.
GERTRUDE HONEYCUTT.
LUCY COLTRANE.
INA SAUNDERS.
LILLIAN BRYSON.
KATE NASH.
LULA CORDELL.
LIZZIE PEELE.
ROXY JOHNSON.
LUCY RANKIN.
BETTIE YORK.
EVA GASTON.
MACOIE HERMAN.



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Sidney Lanier Society



MOTTO:

Loyalty, Fraternity, Fidelity.

FLOWER:

Red Rose.

COLORS:

Red and White



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ADDIE STEELE	<i>Treasurer</i>
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VENA LITTLE	<i>Editor</i>
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LINA IVEY	<i>Marshal</i>

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Y. W. C. A.



"Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts."



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MARIE ALLISON	Chairman Devotional Committee
EDNA HOLSCLOW	Chairman Intercollegiate Committee
RUTH KINSEY	Chairman Social Committee



Golden Links Missionary Society

"All for Christ."



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EDITH ALEXANDER.

MAUDE ALLRED.

LOU BOGGS.

ZELDA CLINE

ANNIE COOPER.

OCEY COMANN.

GWENDOLINE GASTON.

EDNA HOUSCLAW.

MAMIE SUE JOHNSON

RUTH KINSEY.



MAE MURDOCK.

MAUDE MINISH.

MARGARET NEWELL.

ANNIE NOLLY.

WINNIE PRATT.

FLORA RUTLEDGE

ADDIE STEELE.

INA SAUNDERS.

ETHEL TERRY

EVA TROUTMAN

ANNIE LOWREY.



ELOCUTION CLASS

Mandolin Club



Director MISS BETTIE LEE AULT



HETTIE PITTS. SPURGEON TUTTLE.

BESSIE CANNON. CORA BLAIR.

BYRD MOORE. BYRON CONLEY

EDITH ALEXANDER. LOUISE WILLS.

FRANK FOARD. MARIE NEWLAND.

CHRISTIAN SHELL. ARNE LOCKE. RUTH KINSEY



MANDOLIN CLUB

Mountain Whites

<i>Name</i>	<i>County</i>
DR. WEAVER	Ash
CLYDE THOMAS	Haywood
EDNA HOLSCLAW	Watauga
CORA BLAIR	Watauga
SUMMA LITTLE	Watauga
JENNY OSBORN	Ash
LIZZIE OSBORN	Ash
MAUDIE WEAVER	Rutherford
ESTHER BROWN	Buncombe
STELLA OWENY	Buncombe
WINNIE BRITAIN	Cherokee
ANNIE COOPER	Cherokee
LULA FAIR	Cherokee
FANNY FAIR	Cherokee
LILLIAN BRYSON	Cherokee
MAMIE HARSCLAW	Cherokee
ADA HARSCLAW	Cherokee
EDNA HAYES	Swain



MOUNTAIN WHITE CLUB



DUMPY KLUB

Glee Club



OFFICERS

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FLORA RUTLEDGE.	ALPHA GOODE.	BESSIE CASSELS.
LULA FAIR.		NEAL LILLY.



LITERARY

Be Sure



WHEN the stove smokes, to hold your tongue.

When the dining-room door is locked, to stay out and not "fuss" about it.

When you pass Miss Robinson's studio window, not to smile through the pane.

When the chapel door opens, not to "let your head swing around."

When you borrow kindling wood, to return it as soon as used.

When you leave the reading room, to leave the magazines.

When the prayer bell rings, not to wait for a special invitation to the chapel.

When you think an original thought, to preserve it, for you may need it.

When you leave your room, to turn off the electric light.

Some Old Examination Questions

PSYCHOLOGY.



DISCUSS as briefly as possible the anticipation, the realization, the remembrance, of your trigonometry examination, and compare it with your examination on sight singing.

ASTRONOMY.

1. Give one reason why Margaret has shown more interest in Orion than in any other constellation.
2. (a) If the whole class cared as much for the study of the Moon as Esther does, what would happen?
(b) Would it cease to shine?
3. What fault does Helen Allison find in the Zodiac?

TRIGONOMETRY.

1. If Clyde should fly off at a tangent, would you be likely to see any "sines" (signs) of the rest of the class?
2. If Ethel is in the second quadrant, where is Esther?
3. The molasses pitcher, which is six inches high, stands in the center of the table. A line four feet long, drawn from the top of the pitcher to Edna's plate at one end of the table, forms with the pitcher an angle of sixty-five degrees. How far must she reach in order to get some molasses? (Answer: Almost the full length of her arm.)

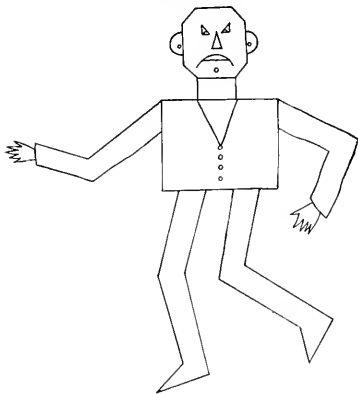
ENGLISH.

Write a very brief letter to a friend, telling about your study of all the British poets, giving a sketch of their lives, and quoting a poem from each.

GEOMETRY.

1. Prove that the triangle formed at the lowest corner of the campus between Kentwood path, the street along the foot of the hill forming a right angle with the path, and the driveway across the corner, is just as good a loafing place as the circle in front of the door.
2. How many angles does Margaret make in the gesture of simple indication?
3. Prove that sight singing is equal to spelling. (Note: Both of them call for hard work and receive the same response.)

Trig O'Nometry, Esquire



His head is a polygon, his eyes are right triangles, and his nose is an isosceles, while his mouth is an arc cut by a chord. His ears are semicircles, and for a dimple in his chin he has a circle. His shoulders are squared, and his body is a quadrilateral. One knee is an obtuse angle, and there is not a sign of anything that would soften his appearance.

And now, dear Juniors, beware, for he runs counter-clockwise, making it almost impossible to dodge him, and he is a secant seeking female Trigonometric victims. By some who have proceeded to limits in the fields of Differential Calculus he has been called a *loon*.

Ads that Appeal to Us



ALPHA GOODE	The Daisy Air Rifle
ZELDA CLINE	Liquid Veneer
EDITH ALEXANDER	Angelus
EVA TROUTMAN	Crystal Domino Sugar
MRS. HEBBON	Pompelan Massage Cream
EDITH AREY	Are You Deaf?
BESSIE CASSELS	Diamonds on Credit
MISS ROBINSON	Horlick's Malted Milk
MAUDE ALLRED	Talk-o-phone
EDNA HAYES	Be Your Own Boss
SUMA LITTLE	Dr. Scott's Electric Hairbrush
MISS JONES	Rat Blakit
LOUISE GWYN	O'Sullivan's Rubber Heels
HELEN ALLISON }	Gold Dust Twins
CLYDE THOMAS }	
MARIE ALLISON	Smith's Premium
MISS CROCKER	Obesity
ESTHER BROWN	Parker Jointless Fountain Pen
IRMA CARLYLE	G. E. Marshall Company Diamonds
BYRD MOORE	The Rambler
MISS PARKER	Continental Tires
STELLA OWENBY	Trading Stamps
ZOE POSTER	Stillman's Freckle Cream
MAUD WEAVER	The Prudential
ANNIE NOLLEY	Ralston Hominy

MARGARET NEWELL	Kneipp Malt Coffee
RUTH KINSEY	Pullman's Automatic Ventilator
EVELYN LYNCH	Hasn't Scratched Yet
LILLIAN BAYSON	Uneeda Biscuit
EDNA HOLSCLOW	Ayer's Hair Vigor
LUCY COLTRANE	Dry Sole
LINA IVEY	Smart Set
JOE NEWLAND	
EVA BLAIR	The Reason Why
FLORA RUTLEDGE	Magic Curler Company
BESSIE PRATT	The Correct Art of Candy Making
WINNIE BRITTAIN	Best & Co.
ANNIE COOPES	
FANNIE FAIN	
ADA HABSHAW	Grape Nuts
MARY STACY	Stacy's Fork-dipped Chocolates
ADDIE STEELE	A. W. Steele Leader Range



Davenport During the War



WE HAVE been reviewing the happy days of this year, in which we have found so many pleasures to lighten our tasks and make the world seem brighter. Let us now look at Davenport in the early days—in the days of our mothers and grandmothers.

The college was built and owned by the South Carolina Conference. The main building was only two stories high, and there was a dormitory which occupied the space where our new chapel now stands.

Mr. Henry M. Mood, of South Carolina, the first President, began teaching in 1858. Miss Emma Rankin was elected first music teacher. Miss Norwood, who was a girl then, studied art. The girls were mainly from South Carolina. Hickory was the nearest railroad station, and the girls came the rest of the way by private conveyance. Just think what a picnic they must have had riding twenty-two miles through the country!

Mr. Mood was President until after the war began. He, being a South Carolinian, was strongly in favor of secession. Mr. Rankin, the Presbyterian minister of the town, was very much opposed to secession. It was customary to observe "fast days" and pray concerning the war. On these days Mr. Mood and Mr. Rankin would go to their respective churches and pray against each other as hard as they could. This was very amusing to the schoolgirls, and also to the townsfolk.

In 1863 Mr. Mood gave a dinner to the soldiers who were in town. The dinner was served on the campus, and was enjoyed by all. After dinner, Miss Mattie Jones, one of the schoolgirls, presented a flag to the soldiers.

Shortly afterwards Mr. Mood resigned his presidency, and Mr. R. N. Price, of Tennessee, accepted the position. He was the father of our much-loved pastor. As he was very absent-minded, he caused the girls some anxiety in wondering if all men were like him in regard to thinking of their wives, as nearly every Sunday that year he strolled off to church and forgot his "better half."

In the early part of 1863 there was no school. That summer Mr. A. G. Stacey was elected President. School opened and was soon flourishing again. The girls then enjoyed midnight feasts just as much as we do now. Once a crowd of them were pre-

paring for a feast. By some device they got a big, fat hen in their room; and after they had killed it and cut it up, they washed it in strong, soapy water. You can imagine what kind of a feast they had. When we are chided for not knowing how to cook "as our mothers did," it is cheering to call to mind such incidents as this.

In those days school opened in March and closed in December. This was done so that the girls could have the advantage of being among the mountains during the summer. They took outings to Hibriten and enjoyed their school life very much. Six girls stayed in a room where only three or four now stay; but two of them had to sleep in a little trundle bed, there being two ordinary beds and one trundle bed to a room. That left only one bed under which to hide if a teacher should knock on the door at certain times.

During the war the girls wore homespun dresses, but just after it closed they began wearing uniforms. These were brown, trimmed with black velvet ribbon. With this was worn a white straw hat; and as to jewelry, an old catalogue says: "A simple breastpin may be worn; no other jewelry will be allowed at any time." We are glad this is not one of Dr. Weaver's regulations, for we would miss our locket containing our fathers' and mothers' pictures.

Once the music class became too large for one teacher, but the President did not want to elect another. He asked the teacher, who was already teaching eleven hours a day, if she could not teach more. Upon a reply in the negative, he crabbedly asked why he could not place another piano in the adjoining room and have her stand in the door and teach two lessons at one time.

Toward the close of the war the country became insecure, as parties of Union men from Tennessee came through and destroyed much property. Mr. Stacey sent to Shelby to secure a building suitable for a school, as he thought the raiders would hardly go that far down. The building was secured, and the girls were moved. In a short while, about the time of the surrender, General Stoneman made a raid on Lenoir. The soldiers occupied the Episcopal Church and the church grounds. General Stoneman himself was very considerate, but his men were not. A guard was about to be sent to the college; but when it was learned that the President and girls had gone, the building was plundered from top to bottom, and almost everything in it was carried off or destroyed.

FLORA RUTLEDGE.

The Seniors' Royal Path of Life



OR fear some of the Seniors will soon become lady principals, we Freshmen will give them just a word of advice as to the duties of a lady principal. To be sure, we are fresh and inexperienced; but, with all these disadvantages, we have excellent ideas about certain things.

ARTICLE I.—If you meet a girl going to her room during study period, do not by any means ask her where she is going, for fear you will embarrass her.

ARTICLE II.—Do not trouble yourself about going to the rooms to see if the girls are in and the lights are out. Stay in your room and rest after your day of hard work. You will save your strength and lengthen your days by so doing.

ARTICLE III.—Never compel girls to hand in their schedules, for this is fruitless labor on the girls' part, and they might be studying while they are doing this.

ARTICLE IV.—Grant all permissions. Never refuse a girl; it always hurts her feelings.

ARTICLE V.—If you chance to catch a girl out of her room during study hour, console her by telling her that all young girls are likely to make mistakes.

ARTICLE VI.—Allow your students to receive company. Associating with young men is very elevating.

ARTICLE VII.—Permit the girls to talk and laugh as loud as they wish at the table, as it is good for the digestion.

ARTICLE VIII.—Allow them to parade on the front porch on rainy days, for damp air cures headache.

ARTICLE IX.—Let them read their letters at the table, for it develops impatience to make them wait.

ARTICLE X.—Allow your students to travel via front stairs, as the scenery is much more beautiful than that of the back stairs.

Now, if you Seniors abide by these articles which we have so kindly laid down, we are quite sure you will become successful and popular lady principals.

And Then Some One Laughed



LANE GASTON spelled "Annual" "A-n-n-i-e-l."

There was a strange man in the office; and Zoe, meeting Marie just coming out of there, asked if Lucy Coltrane was in; whereupon Marie made the startling reply: "No, I saw no coal train; but if you'll go in there, you'll find a fast mail."

The chemistry professor asked a certain girl for the two salts of lead. She promptly made reply: "Epsom's one, but I can't remember the other."

Miss Jones (in ancient history): "Miss A., who wrote the Acts of the Apostles?"

Miss A.: "Socrates."

Virgil Professor: "Miss C., please go to the board and scan the 547th line, and be sure you get your feet straight."

Miss C.: "Can't; I'm pigeontoed."

Sunday-school Teacher: "Zelda, when the shepherds found Jesus, what did they do?"

Zelda: "Took him and hid him in the bulrushes."

Teacher: "Ruth, what did you get on your report?"

Ruth: "Enough goods to start a store."

Mathematics Teacher (referring to logarithm table lying on table): "Young ladies, what is this table based on?"

Answer: "Four legs."

Girl to Librarian: "Do tell me who wrote 'Washington's Farewell Address.' I have looked this library over for it."

Senior No. 1 (looking out of the window): "O, I see the big dipper!"

Senior No. 2: "Yes, that's the only consolation I know."

Dr. Weaver: "What was the line that gave half the world to Spain and half to Portugal?"

Senior: "Mason and Dixon's."

Extract from the Daily Conversation at the Senior Table



LYDE: "Girls, let me tell you. I heard that all of us passed on trig. exam. Just think of it!"

Helen: "Why, 'Coz.?' "

Edna: "Perhaps some of us didn't apply ourselves as diligently as we should have done."

Margaret: "Hit's wonderful, hit's wonderful! To think we all passed! Girls, just look at Miss Jones! I never thought she was pretty before: but since trig. exam., I think she is the most beautiful woman I ever saw. Why, Hebe wouldn't—"

Annie: "O, Hebe wouldn't 'hold her a light!' She is by far the most beautiful creature that ever sipped the nectar—from the molasses pitcher."

Dora: "Peg., you and Annie are cinches. You won't make no school-teachers. You're too poetic. Peg., I wish you wouldn't comb your hair that way."

Helen: "And me, too."

Clyde: "Esther, ain't you going to order our pumps to-day?"

Annie: "I like pumps *so* much better than ties; they're so old. I wish I had a hot biscuit; these are mighty cold."

Helen: "I'm glad trig.'s *over*. It won't be long till *all* this studying will be over, and then good-by books. I'm going to have me a good time."

Edna: "Yes, but life is not all a good time."

Esther: "Yes, I'm going to order the shoes to-day."

Ethel: "Life is what you make it, you know."

Peg: "I don't believe that, for—thank you for some more coffee—I know you can't make things 'pan out' like you want them to every time. Goodness! This is butter. I took hit out with my fingers, thinking hit was cheese."

Helen: "Me, too."

Stella: "Mamma's going to send my reception dress next week. It's made like Miss—"

Helen: "There comes Mozelle with the mail! I know I heard—"

Clyde: "Did you bring me a letter from home? If you—"

Esther: "Here are the samples, and aren't they—"

Dora: "Gee! Look at this post—"

Stella: "O, here's a letter from my dear Deane! Bless—"

Annie: "O, here's one from Aunt Willie! I know she is sending me something. O, she sent me the loveliest brown skirt and silk waist! Yes, here she has sent me a cut to have my graduating dress made like. Isn't it perfectly beautiful? Stell., pass me the bread, please."

Helen: "O, Coz., he's going to join a *frat.*! Just think! I'll get to wear the *pin*! Won't that be fine? I'm just crazy for him to join."

Edna: "Annie, I believe you would look more dignified if you were to take your elbows off the table."

Annie: "Yes'm. Say, Esther, how's the Moon? 'Pears like you got a meteor or tangeut or something a little heavenly from the Moon."

Esther: "O, he's all right!"

Clyde: "Well, I'll just be 'John Brown'd' if I like this kind of doing. It's been a whole week since I heard from home."

Annie: "What, Peg! Are you going to quit? Won't you have some Moore?"

Margaret: "I've got to read my letter from Mose, my preacher brother."

Ethel: "O, here's the cutest little letter from my nephews! Just let me—"

Clyde: "Let me tell you. I got so mad I couldn't see straight when it rained last night and I couldn't go to choir practice."

Helen: "Me, too; for we both had carnations to wear. Coz., take a piece of bread, for I want a piece."

Annie: "You all are the silliest things. One won't take out a thing that the other doesn't."

Edna: "Pass the molasses, please."

Clyde: "Just let me tell you how I'm going to have my commencement dress made. Why, I—"

Annie: "I wonder if you haven't decided on the one I want in the last Delineator, where the skirt has—"

Margaret: "I wish I had some more coffee. I don't believe it would—"

Clyde: "You'd better quit drinking so much coffee. But ain't it hard to keep from drinking it? I just love it. Peg, I believe your nose is bigger than it was. You know, they say drinking coffee will disfigure it."

Helen: "Why, Coz., you surely were raised on it."

Edna: "Please pass the molasses."

Ethel: "I wonder if I'll be in New Mexico this time next year?"

Annie: "I wonder if we'll be in Virginia? I hope—"

Margaret: "If I don't change my mind, I'll be—"

Annie: "Yes, we all know where you'll be. You needn't say any Moore."

Esther: "Well, I presume I shall be teaching."

Dora: "Well, I won't."

Clyde: "I shake with you there. I don't want to be no old-maid school-teacher."

Helen: "Me and you both, Coz."

Edna: "Well, I *would* like to have some molasses."

Esther: "Be quiet, girls! Miss Parker is looking at us."

Annie: "Well, she needn't look at us in that tone of voice, for we've been at the table only four minutes by the clock."

Merely Cousins



MILDRED MALLOY was going back to Davenport, and Mac Hampton was going to the Weaver School. They had been traveling together all day, but they did not know each other. After four or five hours' weary waiting in Hickory, the two boarded the same train for Lenoir. Mac sat right behind Mildred, but did not say anything to her, as he was too tired—and, then, he was not much of a flirt, anyway.

The train was crowded. When it reached Lenoir, Mildred and Mac took their suit cases and hurried out. In the rush they lost sight of each other.

Mildred was the last girl to come back to school, and, of course, all the girls were delighted to see her. She had put a few edibles in her suit case. So she invited some of the girls to her room. She hurried upstairs to unpack before the girls came.

When she opened her suit case, the first thing that met her eyes was a new picture of one of her best girl friends, from Kentucky. Next, some collars and cuffs and a white vest, etc. The suit case certainly did not belong to her. She caught her breath in astonishment and thought about calling the girls; but—"No," she said to herself, "I'll just keep this a secret. If I find out whose suit case it is, I'll have some fun."

Just then the girls came crowding in, and Mildred shut the suit case and pushed it under the table. She was quick, and had a number of *good* excuses ready. After a short visit, the girls left—a disappointed set.

Mac was a good boy, and was destined to become one of the most popular boys in school. He was rather shy, and had never been off to school before. He knew one boy in school, Jack Allison. Jack and Mac were the best of friends.

That first night, after supper, Mac hurried to the room that had been assigned him. It did not take him long to unpack his trunk and tack up some pictures and get his room in fairly good order.

Suddenly he remembered that Jennie Rogers, his cousin, had sent her picture by him to Jack. He was just ready to go for Jack, when in came that young gentleman himself, followed by a dozen or more boys, curious to see the *new boy*.

Mac was perfectly cool and at his ease. He was nice to the boys, and they began liking him at once. Presently he said: "Jack, I have something for you. Want it now?"

Of course Jack did.

Mac put his suit case on the bed and opened it. To his utter amazement, instead of the picture he expected, there were hair ribbons, a box of talcum, hairpins, etc. Mac was dumfounded. What was he to do? He had not the remotest idea with whom he had exchanged suit cases.

That suit case was the topic of conversation for several days, but finally the talk about it subsided.

One afternoon about two weeks later Jack came in Mac's room and said: "Say, Mac, the Davenport girls give us a reception to-night. Want to go?"

Mac, brightening up, said: "Well, guess I do."

They went. Mac met Mildred. Mildred liked Mac *very* much, but he was not much impressed with her. But she determined to make him like her at any venture. She talked with him; and in the conversation Jennie Rogers' name was mentioned, and Mildred found out that Mac wrote to Jennie. She thought then she had a clew to the suit-case mystery, but kept quiet, and decided to watch him. As many girls do, she jumped to the conclusion that Mac and Jennie were engaged.

Mac met a number of girls that night; and of all, he liked Bert Claywell the best. In fact, he fell in love with her that very night. She was a pretty, blue-eyed little "trick," and was very entertaining.

After this, Mildred watched Mac's every movement with reference to Bert. She was *so* anxious to get material to write Jennie. Her highest ambition seemed to be to break up the engagement between Mac and Jennie—i. e., the imaginary engagement. After Mac had, for three months, paid Bert every attention the rules of the school allowed, Mildred thought she had enough points to write Jennie a letter. She wrote everything she knew connected with the affair in any way, and, where it was necessary, made up some. She wrote how deceitful and untrue Mac had been to her (Jennie), and everything else bad she could imagine.

She waited impatiently for a reply. It came:

DEAR MISS MALLOY: Mac Hampton is my first cousin. The picture which you found in his suit case was one I had sent to a schoolmate of his. I'm sorry you have so misunderstood the boy. I *know* Mac is all right.

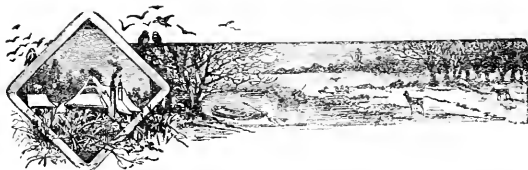
Sincerely, JENNIE ROGERS.

This was so different from what she expected that she did not know what to say or do. Jennie also wrote Mac, telling him where he could find his suit case.

In the meantime, through Mildred's influence, Bert had heard many uncomplimentary remarks about Mac. She was worried sick. But when she heard about the suit-case affair, and how it had been cleared up, she understood everything. At the next reception she and Mac explained matters, and were better friends than ever.

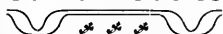
(Mac returns to the Weaver School. Bert graduates at Davenport next year.)

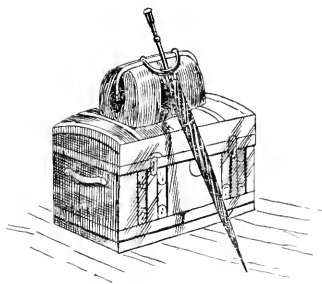
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MAUDE ALLRED	Rag time and good time.
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VENA LITTLE	Giggling.
"PEO." NEWELL	Coffee.
STELLA OWENBY	Office work.
EDNA HOLSCLAW	Promptness.
RUTH KINSEY	More oxygen.
"COZ." THOMAS	Bedroom slippers.
MARIE NEWLAND	Hair dressing.
ZELDA CLINE	"Zoey."
INA SAUNDERS	To borrow a beau (bow).
MARIE ALLISON	Music.
ESTHER BROWN	Riding.
MAUDE WEAVER	Teasing.
DORA TUTTLE	History.
EDNA HAYES	Honesty.
BYRD MOORE	Sleep.
ZOE PORTER	Playing tricks.
HELEN SHELL	"Trig."
FLORA RUTLEDGE	Pronunciation.
GERTRUDE HONEYCUTT	Black oxide of manganese.
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